

# The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now what my love is prooffe hath made you know,  
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is so:  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare;  
Where little feares grow great, great love grows there.

*King.* Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly too,  
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,  
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou.

*Quee.* O confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.  
In second husband let me be accurst,  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first:  
The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:  
A second time I kill my husband dead  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*Ham.* That's  
wormwood.

*King.* I do beleeve you thinke what now you speak,  
But what we doe determine oft we breake,  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poore validity;  
Which now the fruit unripe stickes on the tree,  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;  
What to our selves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;  
The violence of either grieve or joy  
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy;  
Where joy most revells grieve doth most lament:  
Grieve joy, joy griefes, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,  
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For

# Prince of Denmark

For who not needs shall never  
And who in want a hollow friend  
Directly seasons him his enemy  
But orderly to end where I begun  
Our wills and fates doe so controule  
That our devices still are overruled  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends not ours  
So thinke thou wilt no second dye  
But dye thy thoughts when next I meet

*Quee.* Nor earth to me give  
Sport and repose locke from my rest  
To desperation turne my trust  
And Anchors cheere in prison hold  
Each opposite that blankes the face  
Meet what I would have well  
Both here and hence pursue my spite  
If once I be a widow, ever I be

*King.* 'Tis deeply sworne:  
My spirits grow dull, and faile me  
The tedious day with sleep.

*Quee.* Sleep rocke thy braine  
And never come mischance but

*Ham.* Madam, how like you

*Quee.* The Lady doth protest

*Ham.* O but shee'll keep her

*King.* Have you heard the answer

*Ham.* No, no, they doe but

*King.* What doe you call

*Ham.* The Mouse-trap; murther  
image of a murther done in  
his wife *Baptista*, you shall see  
but what of that? your Majesty  
touches us not; let the galle  
wrung. This is one *Lucianus*

Enter

*Ophel.* You are as good as

*Ham.* I could interpret  
If I could see the puppets dally